

How is Your Think?

A New Person, having some cattle to sell, wrote the following notice letter to a cattle dealer in Kansas. Some of the boys who are studying Latin, and cannot get the words in their proper order, may think this Indian is a noble Roman, but he isn't.

OAKLAND AGENCY, I. T., May 1, 1885.—
DEAR SIR: I want you get it in my cattle cow. I had four cow milk and four little calves, and one steer. I think you get it \$150 for 9 cattle cow, and much but cheap for it I call.

"If you want and you get it these nine cattle cow, and let me know your think how is your think about that cattle. If you want some more cattle cow & you tell me, how much you want more some cattle & you will write to me how is your think.

"Now, you, get it these nine cattle cow, about \$135 and I want you to get it some more cattle cow, somebody wants to sell it cow, now I tell you good cow is worth \$50 one cow short horn best cow, Arkansas city but not same is here. I had 6 cow more, and another six cattle cow, and you tell me how is your think for cattle cow. Thinks all. Yours Truly PETER PLATER.

"Or Thomas H. Peters let me know some about your think."—New York Tribune.

Empire and Strikes.

Mrs. Bagley—Aurelia, you had better hide that milliner's bill, and I'll try to shave enough off the grocer's bill to pay it. Your paw is greatly worried over his business affairs.

Aurelia—Oh, maw! you don't mean to say he's going to fail?
Mrs. Bagley—I know nothing for certain, but last night I heard him talking in his sleep about being robbed by a man named Empire and about the men going out on strikes, and I fear the worst.—Philadelphia Call.

What It May Come To.



Invalid (fretfully, to his nurse)—What is that infernal row in the other room? Is anybody getting killed? Who is that calling for the police?

Nurse (reassuringly)—Oh, don't mind that, sir. It's Mrs. Dr. Pellets, Miss Dr. Calomel and Mme. Dr. Juniper holding a consultation, sir.—New York Mail.

When to Be Careful.

In a small town out west an ex-county judge is cashier of the bank.
"The check is all right, sir," he said to a stranger, "but the evidence you offer in identifying yourself as the person to whose order it is drawn is scarcely sufficient."

"I've known you to hang a man on less evidence, judge," was the stranger's response.
"Quite likely," replied the ex-judge, "but when it comes to letting go of cold cash we have to be careful."—New York Sun.

Not Intrinsically Probable.

He had taken her to hear Patti at \$7 a seat, and afterward to Delmonico's, where the two together ate up \$9.75 worth. As he reached for his hat later that same night, she said:
"I am sorry, Mr. Sampson, if my refusal will cause you pain. I esteem you highly as an escort, and in that capacity I will always be a sister to you, but your wife I cannot be. You are too extravagant."—New York Sun.

A Bad Foot.

Nellie was invited to spend a long day with Cora. She came home within an hour.
"Why, Nellie, why do you come back so soon?"
"Well, you see, Cora was real mean, and—pretty soon my foot went right out at her, and they said I might come home."—Exchange.

Extorting Money.

Leader (of little German band)—A few pennies, madame, for dot wine music!
Woman (at a window)—Ain't got nothin' for you.
Leader (indignantly)—Vat's dot! Ven you don't give a few pennies to play some more.—New York Sun.

It Is Generally Thus.

The Rev. Mr. Hightower—I delivered that sermon offhand. I hadn't given it a moment's thought. How did you like it, Frank?
Hearer—I can't say. You see, I didn't give it a moment's thought, either.—Unidentified.

LITTLE LAUGHS.

The Washington Critic says: "Prayer is the heavenly telephone"; but Washington gets no further than "hell oh."

Young lady distributing flowers to convicts—And when do you expect to come out, sir? Convict (inhaling the fragrance of a violet)—It will be December of next year, miss, before I make my debut.—New Orleans Picayune.

"Say, do you ever read the letters that are addressed to your wife?" (With indignation)
"Never." "What, you have absolute confidence in her?" "Oh, it is not that. I am afraid that I would find something in them that might be disagreeable for me to know, and I adore her."—French Paper.

The kingfisher can reproduce most accurately the cackling of hens, the barking of dogs, the quacking of ducks and the bleating of sheep. All the kingfisher needs is some store clothes to be an entertaining society youth in an eastern village.—Omaha World.

Wife (to late husband)—Where have you been, John? Husband (conscious that prevarication would be futile)—I tell truth, m' dear, I (hic) stop'd in s'loon t' get glass beer.
Wife—John, you never accomplished that load in a season. You've been to a brewery.—New York Sun.

"Johnny, you may give me the name of some wild flower," said the teacher in botany. Johnny thought a while and then said: "Well, I reckon Injun meal comes as near being wild flower as anything I know of."—Washington Critic.

The story goes that a young man in Allahabad proposed to a young lady in Calcutta by telegraph, adding: "Answer yes or no at my expense." She sent him 600 words of explanation without coming to any conclusion.—London Globe.

At a negro wedding in this city a short time ago, when the words, "Love, honor and obey," were reached the groom interrupted the preacher and said: "Read that again, sah; read it wunce mo', so de lady kin ketch the full solemnity ob de meaning; Ise been married befo'."—(drum) (Ga) News.

An Arkansas man made a bullet out of a piece of plug tobacco and shot it through the body of a wild cat. The animal died. Here we have another forcible illustration of the fatal effects of tobacco on the system.—Norristown Herald.

No monument to Garibaldi has yet been erected at Naples. It is now proposed to place one on the heights of St. Elmo, where it can be seen from all parts of the city.

A Frenchman estimates that in a life of fifty years a man sleeps away 6,000 days, walks 800 days, and the rest of the time feeds and fusses.

THE LIME KILN CLUB.

An Attempt to Burn Its Building Made the Occasion of Some Resolutions.

The thirteenth disastrous attempt to destroy Paradise hall was revealed at 5 o'clock Saturday evening when the janitor arrived to place the hall in order for the usual meeting. Ever since the attempt of last October, bear traps and spring guns have been set at every door and window when the hall was closed, and this would be incendiary was caught, but escaped, leaving a bloody foot in the trap behind him.

As soon as the meeting was called to order the janitor reported the case, accompanied by a war map, and Brother Gardner arose and said:

"My friends, this incident furnishes me with an opportunity to address you on the subject of Goodness vs. Badness. If, when a baby was three days old, he could reason an' calculate, he would reason as follows: 'Heah I ar', a sound, healthy boy, wid a big show of growin' up to manhood. De more I kick an' yell an' misbehave doovin' my infancy de mo' spankin's I'll receive. De better I mind an' de gooder I ar' as a boy de easier I will slip along. As a young man I shall be upricht an' honest. As a middle aged man I shall act on de square. As an old man I shall quit chawin' plug tobacco, read up on de Bible an' go to bed airly.

"Wickedness don't pay, figger it up as you will. We hev had many instances of it in dis club, an' we ar' surrounded wid 'em at home. When Whalbone Howker stole a wheelbarrow belongin' to Pickles Smith he at first rejoiced an' was glad. He felt dat he was ahead of de game, and he poked himself in de ribs fur a smart man. Howsumber, he hadn't had dat stolen vehicle in his possession two hours when his game roster died, de dog-catcher picked up his dog, an' a man who owed him \$4 went into bankruptcy. He could figger dat he was \$8 out of pocket, an' den Pickles foun' out who stole his wheelbarrow an' cum over an' licked Whalbone widin an inch of his life besides.

"Take de case of Bermuda Jones, who libe nex' doan to Condensed Cunningham. Bermuda sot down wid a piece of chalk an' figgered up dat wickedness paid \$90 per cent, an' he went ober to de grocery, backed up agin a cracker bar', an' while he inguined de grocer in a religious discussion wid one hand, he filled his hind pocket wid crackers wid de other. He started out of dat grocery feelin' dat he was seven cents ahead an' still gamin', but what was de result? A small boy, who was in dar to buy a cent's wort of taffy, seed de hull performance an' told de grocer. Bermuda was fattered home, knocked down in his own kitchen, an' made to give up de fo' cane sent cheer in his parlor to settle de case. Did he profit by his badness? Did he make any \$90 per cent. on dat?

"Agin, take de case of Kurnel Leftingwal Kabar. I had six Leghorn hens in my coop, an' he coveted 'em. Instead of comin' to me in a frank, honest way an' offerin' to buy dose hens at deir value an' givin' me his note due in thirty days, he steals upon my coop in de gloom of midnight an' forcibly captivates my poultry. He chuckled to himself over his smartness an' he fignred up his \$90 per cent profit, but a Nemesis war' on his trail. He left one of de ole blue patches on his pants on a nail in de coop, an' when I found my hens gone I waiked ober to his humble cabin an' took him by de neck an' drawed him out doors. Some of you hev probably heard dat he went into a decline soon arter dat, an' dat when de post mortem was held three of his ribs war' found stickin' out of his back.

"I hev figgered on goodness an' badness, an' I tell you dat badness don't pay. Some of you may hev lifted a ham at de corner grocery widout bein' caught at it, but yit how did you feel when you met a policeman, or when a strange knock cum at de doan? Guilt was sich a burden on yer soul dat de ham tasted like sawdust, an' you woke up at midnight to see spooks standin' by yer heels. De good man goes around wid his hat on his ear, afear'd of nobody an' lookin' everybody square in de eye. If he happens to see de patrol wagon gwine along he doan' turn pale. If anybody happens to lay a hand on him he doan't sink into his boots.

"How ar' it wid de bad man? He's allus lookin' fur fur traps an' spring guns. He's allus 'spectin' to be trosted an' sent up. A strange knock at his cabin doan' send a chill up his back. Go whar he will, he feels guilty an' afear'd, an' some fine day when he am out enjoyin' de balmy breeze long cum a detective an' clasp de handcuffs on him, an' away he goes to state prison fur ten yars. You kin figger an' figger, but goodness am bound to come under de wire a full length ahead."

The president's address created considerable excitement, and Mr. Wagoner, following with the following preamble and resolution:—
"Whereas, Goodness ar' mo' profitable dan badness, an' also easier on de conscience; now, dar fore,
"Resolved, Dat it ar' de sense of this meetin' dat we stick to goodness."

A Sensitive Monkey.

Dogs and other pets are often keenly alive to praise and blame, and seem to know all most infallibly whether they are being well or ill spoken of. The monkey, which we never read was that of a canary which died of grief at being harshly addressed by its mistress.

Here is an anecdote which shows that monkeys are not wanting in sensibility of the same interesting and amiable sort. It is quoted from Mr. Bates' "Naturalist on the Amazonas." He calls the creature "most ridiculously tame," and adds:

"It was an old female, which accompanied its owner, a trader on the river, in all his voyages. By way of giving me a specimen of its intelligence and feeling, its master set to and riled it soundly, calling it scamp, boathief, thief, and so forth, all through the copious Portuguese vocabulary of vituperation.

"The poor monkey, quietly seated on the ground, seemed to be in sore trouble at this display of anger. It began by looking earnestly at him, then it whined, and lastly rocked its body to and fro with emotion, crying piteously, and passing its long, gaunt arms continually over its forehead, for this was its habit when excited.

"At length its master altered his tone. 'It's all a lie, my old woman, you're an angel, a flower, a good, affectionate old creature.'"

"Immediately the poor monkey ceased its wailing, and soon after came over to where the man sat.—You'll Companion.

How It Is Done.

Omaha Capitalist—Do you call that a survey of a new railroad? Why, it looks like a pumpkin vine.

Kansas Speculator—Well, you see we had to get it around a good deal so as to take in all the points at which we could lay land cheap.

"A road like that will never pay. It don't start anywhere or go anywhere."

"Oh! We can keep it running a while on the profits of our town lots; that's easy enough."

"But what will you do after the lots are sold?"

"Straighten it out."—Omaha World.

Of Use to Man.

It seems strange that out of more than 120,000 species of plants known to botanists only about 350 species have been put to use by man; yet this proportion is much greater than in the animal world, from which only some 200 species have been selected, while the animal kingdom reckons millions of species.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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CHAMPAGNE!

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WE ARE NOW PLACING ON THE market the ECLIPSE CUVES of 1879 and 1880, which for dryness and bouquet are unsurpassed, and are pleased to inform you that our efforts in producing a Champagne competing with the best Foreign Wines, have been appreciated, dispelling, in a great measure, the prejudice against pure native wines. The ECLIPSE will not only be found in every city in the Union, but has also found a market in the Republic of Mexico and on the Continent of Europe, where it is much appreciated by connoisseurs for its purity, lightness of alcoholic strength and exquisite bouquet and flavor.

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We caution you against the impositions of parties East and on the Coast, who are foisting on the market a "gas" or charged wine, under the name of California Champagne. Remember, none are genuine except those bearing our name and brand, on both cork and label, and which are sold with the guarantee of absolute purity.

HONOLULU, May 7, 1887.

HAMILTON JOHNSON, Honolulu.

Dear Sir—I have made a chemical examination of the sample of Haraszthy "Eclipse" Champagne taken by me from your store, and find that this wine contains no adulteration whatever, the acid present being the natural acid of the grape, while the "bouquet" and gas present are such as would result from the natural fermentation of the wines.

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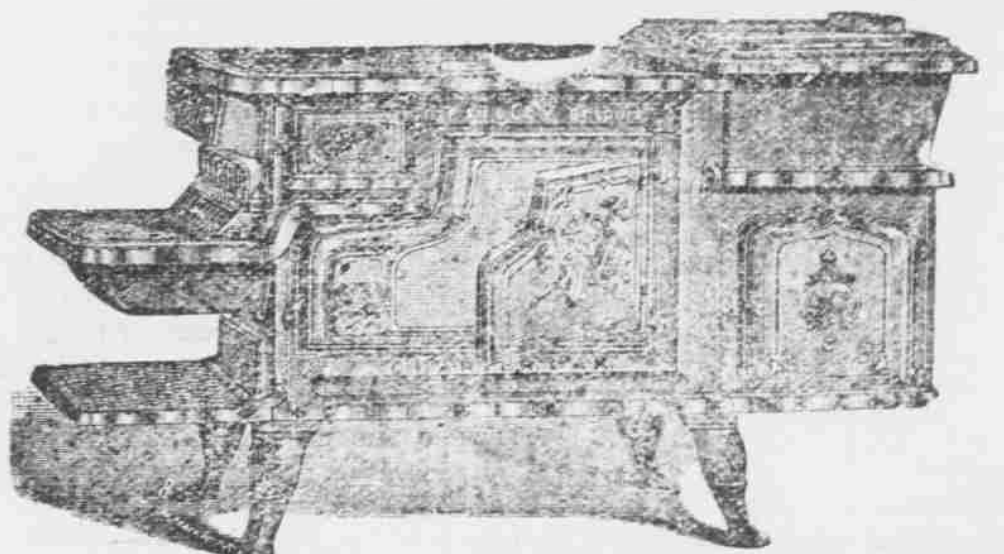
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